

SPY FALLS IN LOVE

English Girl to Whom Costa Revealed Secret Was Set to Trail Him.

ENGAGED TO WED HER WHEN POLICE SEIZE HIM

Fought Against Arrest and Showed Yellow Streak—Pays Penalty With Life.

(Copyright, 1916.)

PARIS, September 9.—Costa committed the "faute classique." He fell in love. That is why he was shot as a spy in the courtyard of the palace at Vincennes yesterday.

"I am no spy," Costa declared, dramatically, when he was first interrogated.

Once Costa had been an actor. He read his last lines well. He struck himself on the breast and looked proudly into the eyes of the officer who questioned him.

"But the woman said—"

Costa turned and looked out of the narrow window of the old Prison de la Santé. When he again faced the officer there were tears in his black eyes. He nodded his head.

"The woman," said he, slowly, "the woman."

Typical Career as Spy.

Costa was not much of a spy. Not enough of a spy to ever figure in international history. But his story is interesting because it runs so absolutely true to spy pattern.

He became a spy for the reasons that impel most other spies. He was trapped by another spy, as most other spies are trapped. Before he died—at most other spies do—he betrayed his associates, as all other spies do when they are trapped.

His tale might serve as a permanent model for the writers of spy literature. It is a bit grubby and soiled in places, perhaps, but that must be expected in a story of spies.

A year ago the French authorities began to suspect that some one was sending out some fairly good information about what was going on in Paris. They were sure of this here, of course. Every one of the allied cities reeks with them. The Germans are rather proud of the spy system.

Just how the French authorities went about finding out who this successful spy might be no one knows, but it is permissible to guess. They put a spy on the spy's trail. It was not hard to do. No doubt the know something of the centers of German espionage.

"Through Switzerland," the word came in the end. "He is a commercial man."

Search Not Difficult.

So the spies began to watch the Swiss gates. Many a commercial man has undoubtedly thanked the good fortune that led to the acquaintance of this pleasant traveler or that pretty girl.

After all, the search was not as difficult as it would seem to be. It was narrowed down to those who visited Switzerland. They were sure of this here, of course. Every one of the allied cities reeks with them. The Germans are rather proud of the spy system.

One of these regular travelers was Constantine Condovianis, who dealt in sponges. Thirty-eight years old, alert, erect, fond of a glass and a good story, every one liked him. The train guards were well for the good cigars he carried.

One of them spoke to him one day: "You speak English," he asked. "Because there is an English girl in trouble in the next compartment."

She was blue eyed, pretty, and young. Not of the babyish sort. Perfectly capable to take care of herself under ordinary conditions.

These conditions were not ordinary. She had lost her papers and she feared she could not pass the frontier. The remainder of the episode is uninteresting, except that Constantine fell in love with her. They were to have been married some time this month and settle down in Paris.

Constantine said he might have to travel a good deal, but after that his business would be better. He had an office at 118 Boulevard Haussmann, but he only visited it nowadays to get his mail.

"I have found something better while the war lasts," said he.

Reveals His Secret.

Eventually, of course, he told what the something better was. After years spent in making money and spending it, in every quarter of the globe, he had settled down in Paris just before the war.

When he found himself ruined he did not take kindly to the hand-to-mouth business of his earlier years. He had become accustomed to good hotels and good dinners and vintage wines.

But it did not occur to him to become a spy until he went broke in Berlin. He almost starved there.

The one thing he did not sell was his best suit of clothes. It helped him to make connection with the Wilhelmstrasse, where such talents as his are appreciated.

"Go to Antwerp," he was told, "and report yourself to Mme. Doktor."

Of course, is a nom de guerre. "Mme. Doktor" is the head of one branch of the German spy system. But she is not known in Antwerp, or anywhere else except in the dozier of Costa's case as "Mme. Doktor."

Her next-door neighbor in Antwerp may think her as a pleasant little old lady with a passion for roses or as a young widow mourning her husband killed in the war. No one here knows who Mme. Doktor is, except the secret service officers charged with finding out more about her than Costa told.

Sent to Paris as Spy.

Mme. Doktor gave him 3,000 francs and sent him to Paris, with the usual instructions to report the movement of troops and boats and the state of popular feeling, and any other odds and ends of information he came across.

At first he was high in favor with the woman chief of spies. He furnished her some excellent information. Later he began to get timid, although the German government had seen to it that he was furnished with papers of identity as a neutral friendly to the allied cause, which gained him admission almost everywhere.

"Bring me more information or—"

Mme. Doktor smiled. There was something in that smile that alarmed Costa. Spies fear many things, because so many things happen to spies. He promised to do more—to take more chances—to get about in forbidden territory.

It was on his return to France that he met the pretty little English girl. The rest of the story unfolds itself on conventional lines.

He even fought the guards that awakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning to stand before the rifle at Vincennes. He tried to curl up his toes, so they could not get his shoes on, and struggled to keep them from thrusting him into his coat—anything to gain one little sordid hour of life.

Spies usually do, they say. They bragged well. But in the end he seemed up, even to giving the firing squad the word.

As he stepped out of the fourgon—the wagon that hauls the condemned to the place where they are to meet death—he turned to the priest who had been muttering rapid prayers in his ear. A handsome man he was.

"Now," said Constantine Condovianis, "I know why she wept so when she said good-bye."

THE DAILY STORY

JIM KYLE, STRATEGIST.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. Werner.)

Old Jim Kyle dozed in the sun before the door of his little quarters mill. At his feet a tame civet cat, rolled into a furry ball of black and white, slept unasily. Behind them the two 500-pound stamps crashed with ear-splitting monotony.

Suddenly the old man laughed aloud. "That was a funny show," he chuckled, referring to a local talent benefit held in Placer City a few nights before. "Who'd ever thought them miners could play-act that way? Of course, Steve Daley, 'cause he's a gambler, could do it all right. But there was Long Ben—he was some hero. Gosh, I never could lie like he did! He says to the villain: 'Then papers is in that desk, and they was in my pocket all the time. Funny how a man can keep his face straight and lie like that.'"

A large man with a box on his shoulder and a package in his hands appeared in the trail. Old Jim roused and his little pet danced into the open to watch the newcomer.

"Here, Spot," called the old man, "Bill don't like you. Says you look too much like that hydrophobic skunk they killed down at White's camp."

The tiny, catlike animal scamped back, and Jim stroked its head as he

thought of the villain. "Then papers is in that desk, and they was in my pocket all the time. Funny how a man can keep his face straight and lie like that."

Costa turned and looked out of the narrow window of the old Prison de la Santé. When he again faced the officer there were tears in his black eyes. He nodded his head.

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country's civilized now, and, besides, the little bunch I got here weighs nearly 500 pounds. That's some load for burglars to carry off."

"Yes, but they could have mules," argued Bill. "Wow!" he yelled, as Jim's pet darted between his legs. "Say, Jim, that skunk'll scare me to death yet."

His employer laughed. "Hi, he wouldn't hurt his body—he's just like a house cat. Why, I've had Spot over five years and he's about the best friend I got. And the know—the old men mounted a hobby—he's a awful smart. Why, the little rascal drags in stove wood and slimes to sweep the floor with his tail. I was offered \$100 for him once, but I never 'ud think of parting with him. Don't know how he'll get along with mine. There'll sure be some ruction if anything happens to him while I'm gone."

Bill betrays his lack of confidence by moving farther away. "Spose the new mill'll be up by the time you get back," he ventured.

"Yes," said Jim, "and I wish I knew what to do with this little one. She's blundering around, but she's done the work. Too bad we have to move here, but this is the only place for the big mill."

"Put a box of powder under her," suggested the blacksmith, as he started down the trail. "That 'ud be a fitting end."

After Bill had gone the old miner would not inside his mill. He looks to see that the ore was feeding properly into the crusher, and from there into the furnace. The great black eyes. His sharp eyes darted here and there, finally resting upon the plates over which the ore was being fed.

"A hundred thousand dollars," he exclaimed. "That's what I've scraped off them plates since she started up less'n a year ago. Well, old girl, she's a beauty, then you can have a lay-off, too."

Old Jim went back to his seat in the sun and resumed his dreaming, while Spot, neglected, tried to attract his attention. The little animal sprang upon the box that the blacksmith had brought and began working the bur-lap-covered package.

"Here, you, Spot," yelled the old man. "You let that be. That's caps what they use to shoot powder with. I'll blow you up!"

Spot, not being used to such harsh language, jumped off the box and ran around the mill. In a moment he was back to the corner, peering at his friend. But Jim had forgotten his jerk. Cautiously he advanced two jerky steps at a time until he was once more in the box.

He relapsed into his doze and was dreaming—of the old home he soon would move to—when he saw the yellow bullion hidden under the big rock across the trail—the new mill that the contractor would build while he was gone.

"Come alive, you old snoozer! Up with your hands! Stick 'em up!"

Old Jim awoke to a jerk that threw him headlong. Scrambling to his knees, he was confronted by two roughly-dressed men, whose faces were covered with masks cut from a flour sack. Each held a heavy revolver close to the old man's head.

"Come on!" the larger of the two commanded. "Get up! Show us where your stuff is. You know you got it!"

The miner rose slowly to his feet. His whole body seemed numb, his mind was in a daze. He shook his head sharply, trying to clear his brain.

The big bandit prodded his victim with his gun. "Get a move on, old-timer," he insisted; "where's the big clean-up?"

Jim grasped the situation. He was about to be robbed of a fortune—a fortune for which he had slaved and starved a lifetime. He must show these men where the ten gold bars were cached under the big rock. They would take his stake and ride away and he could not build the new mill nor take the trip back home.

"Say ain't you awake yet?"

Edward Watkin, its promoter, had been explaining how a minister of state could destroy the entrance instantly by touching a button. "Imagine," said Lord Randolph, pointing along the treasury bench, a cabinet council sitting in the war office around the button. Fancy the present cabinet gathered together to decide who should touch the button when it should be touched."

Mr. Churchill recalls that his father had intended to add: "Fancy the right hon. gentleman (Mr. W. H. Smith) ringing at length in his place with the words, 'I move that the button be now touched,' and the uproarious laughter made him forget this. The bill was lost by 307 to 155."

He was nearly to the rock; the

bandits were halfway between him and the mill.

What could he do? Might he not tell them the gold was under the ore bins and—

He glanced over his shoulder toward the mill. His eyes fell on Spot perched on the box half hidden behind the piece of sack that held the caps.

A lifetime of conflicting hell was crowding into the next second, for, like an electric spark, the solution flashed, all reasoned out, into the old man's brain. It was a chance. Could he do it?

No, he would give them the gold. Then memory pictured the years of toil, the old home, and—

"God!" the old miner screamed, edging toward the big rock. "There's that hydrophobic skunk! He'll get you sure! Shoot him! Shoot him quick!"

The smaller of the two bandits, an instant's hesitation, raised his gun and fired. As his arm went up Jim Kyle threw himself headfirst behind the big rock.

The report of the gun was not heard. It was drowned in a surging roar that carried down to Reels, thirty miles away. Jim Kyle's quartz mill flew in splintered fragments across the gulch.

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